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O, The Roast Beef of Old England

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THE BANKS OF
Sweet Primroses.

AS I walk'd out one mid-summer morning,
To view the fields and take the air,
Down by a bank of sweet Primroses,
There I beheld a most lovely fair.

Three long steps I took up to her,
Not knowing her as she passed me by,
I stept up to her thinking to view her,
She appeared to me like some virtuous bride.

I said fair maid where are you going,
Or what is the occasion of all your grief,
I'll make you as happy as any lady,
If you will grant me some small relief.

Stand off, stand off, you are quite deceitful,
You've been a false deceitful man 'tis plain,
Its you that's caus'd my poor heart to wander
To give me comfort it is all in vain.

I'll go down into some lonesome valley,
No man on earth shall e'er me find,
Where the pretty birds do change their vices,
At every moment shall blow boisterous winds.

Come all you young maids that go a courting,
Pray give attention to what I say,
For there's many a dark and cloudy morning
Turns out to be a sun-shining day.

O, THE ROAST BEEF Of Old England.

WHEN mighty roast beef was an Englishman's food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave and our courtier's were good.
O, the roast beef of Old England!
And O, the Old English roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all fashioning France,
To eat their ragouts as well as to dance
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance.
O, the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old, were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open-house with good cheer all day long
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song.
O, the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name,
A sneaking poor race, half-begotten—and tame,
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame.
O, the roast beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip slope were known,
The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown.
O, the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom, or never, returned back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.
O, the roast beef, &c.

Oh! then they had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
right;
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night.
O, the roast beef, &c.

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